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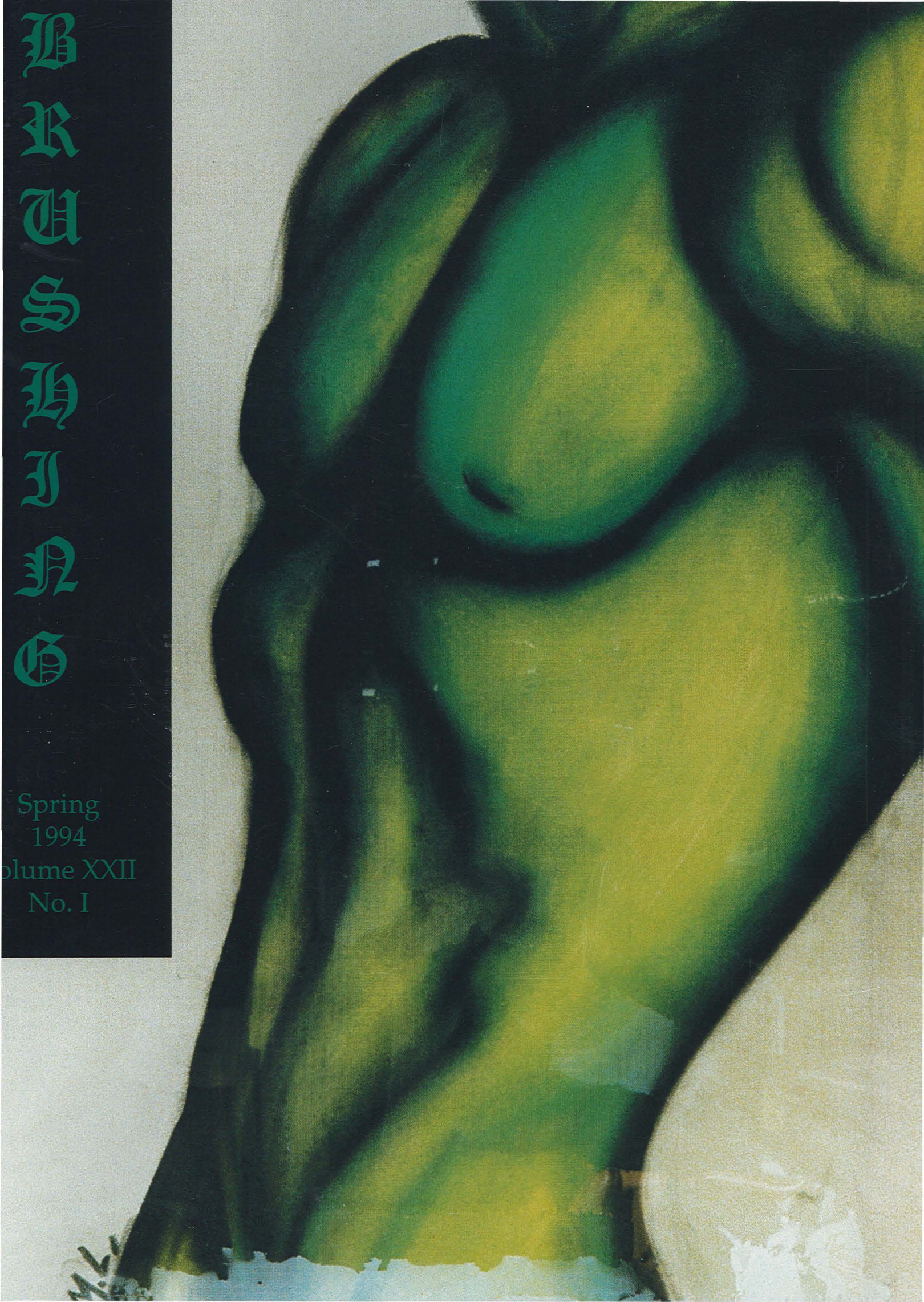
Brushing, 1994, Spring, Vol. 22, No. 1

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Spring
1994
Volume XXII
No. I



Mary Dunn

Untitled

BRUSHING

ROLLINS COLLEGE
LITERARY & FINE ARTS
MAGAZINE
VOL. XXII, NO. 1
SPRING 1994

EDITORS' NOTE

We are quite pleased to introduce this year's issue of *Brushing* to the Rollin's community. As can be seen by past issues of *The Flamingo* and *Brushing*, the magazine has always tried to maintain a high level of quality when determining works for publication. Fortunately, the editorial board was able to be very selective this year in choosing works that represent the creativity and ingenuity of the Rollin's community.

We also have the privilege of once again being able to publish the works of several guest contributors.

During the editorial process, the board tried to select works that made a powerful impact on the imagination. We were graced with submissions from many talented contributors. To name a few, note the elegance and power of Melissa Lagod's figures, and the vividness of Tammy Regimabal's simple yet communicative drawings. In the literary area M.S. Cooper gives a humorous view of contemporary life in his short story. The poetry of Shawn Hastings reveals insights into sexuality and relationships. Coley Gallagher displays a somber nostalgia in her verse. Each piece within *Brushing* represents an aspect of its creator, and therefore each piece is valuable in its own unique way.

It is the task of the editors to assemble these marvelous pieces into one magazine, an anthology that best reveals the collective talents of its contributors. We hope that our readers will enjoy this issue of *Brushing* and appreciate all that it represents.

The Editors.

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THE DREAMER

Thoughts
Tip-toe through my pen
Writing words and lines
A poem begins to surface
Of ancient memories
Almost forgotten

Etched and scribbled images
Not yet visible to anyone
Will soon pour through
The funnel of time
Reaching beyond the soul
Of the dreamer

Ada Johnson

Until the Sun Set

Until the sun set,
I sat along the shore
and waited for some reality
to hit,

wading in the sand
under a heated sky,
with strange particles
floating around my head,
my feet so settled
that they burrowed
themselves
within
small holes
that I had been forming
for hours,

And,
my mind wanders
between thoughts and conversations

and the breaks that come between sentences.

The strangest ideas
breathe when you least want them.
They bloom like an unlikely flower,
deviating from its normal course.
If you look closely
you can see the thorns thickly stuck to the stems,
a colossal vine reaching beyond the eyes and scalp.

Something seems missing,
without a placement or reaction,
something burning like electrical wires
that hang
partially
above water.

I can remember the links
that have bridges,
but this one had a miraculous birth
that is unnoted
in any century—
thousands of years apart—
in its strange,
rusting
vice.

I've had many of those thoughts,
where the rust is newly chipping,
never resurrected.

God never told me that he would return.
He remains in Heaven,
silent,
reckless,
speaking in weary tongues,
with Jesus who is ready to die,
putting his hand on the base of the sky,
to puncture with his teeth.

I lay directly under his hand,
these teeth,
and look down at the ground
where strange creatures
are crawling
to their homes
and ants become martyrs.

I traveled distances
that I can't recount,
but something holds me back—
the mother
the father
in consecutive sequences
like dividing numbers
in their unholy massacre.

Holiness has failed to convince me,
fails to return itself to its proper form,
underneath the strange burrowing ground,
under these creatures,
under my feet,
under Jesus' hands and teeth
and God's body.

Spirits float above,
with their alter egos
waiting below the water,
where I watch the sunset
pulling itself between ten
condensed forms of water
that fail to break
under the weight
of my rusting vice.

The brain in parts,
the brain imparts
strange thoughts
in imperfect time
in perfect time,
where their vines
are stretching between the right
and left,
imagination-reality
searching for its equal,
searching for its forgotten soul,
searching for its condensation
and the strong pulses
that
finally,
clasp
it
shut.

Tracy Wilson

Spring Again

From the amount of bugs
on his windshield, he wasn't
from around here.
Long-haired, friendship bracelet-wearing,
Grateful Dead-listening, tree huggers.
And the corporate slaves, conservative minded,
in shiny tents on wheels, and tan suede Bucks.
They often arrive in Spring

Natasha McGrath

breakers

anger is the impulsive roar of emotion
cast in a thoughtless sea,
then bitterness swallows the ocean
damining them privately,
soon, sorrow waves in rolling motion
wash lonesome over me.

Angela Sucich

memory

spring's new sun heats grit between my toes
fingernails tight from careless pawing in the earth
a mother's smile o'er me; my grin, clear, echoes back
the clean smells of waving wash fade
and the year of endless weekends comes to an end

Teresa Greenlees

spotsuns

blue yellow
peach patchy polka-dot
on suns so bright—
and sprays and rays
drift and fall
and land
on motions below—
fuzzy shadows
casting haze
on heat
so strong

change and move
and grow
for no reason

Mark Synder

Untitled

I like sitting under trees
Girls are pretty neat
“She loves me, She loves me not”
I chants as the petals fall

I believe in magic when it comes to Love
So I guess I believe in Spring

Gar Willard

Butterfly

Spotted with color,
Spotted by me;
Winged beauty in flight
minute compared to
the pale blue sky
yet bolder than the sun
and so much closer -
born out of change
a symbol of Hope:
That which is earth-bound
can one day soar
in multicolored vibrances
framed against dyed azure
made resplendent by
the eye of heaven

Sam Gustas



Mary Dunn

Untitled

LEAVING SUMMER BEHIND

Now
Here
I sit on the shore
In the sun.
My fair-weather friend,
Perspective, sits beside me
Trying to coax a smile.
Together we retrospect,
Watching scenes from
Summer take place
Again and again.

Back
Then
We seem like serious
Untalented actors
Every syllable breathy and
Deliberate.
Ever so sincere.
We stretch seconds into
Minutes as if each one is
Our last.
Recklessly trowing around
Words like "always" and "forever".
Secretly relieved as they
Disappear into the thin air.

Coley Gallagher

The Search

The sun was still nestled in its earthen blanket, just visible through the misty gray overcast. A mossy smell hung in the air and dew clung to our tennis shoes as my family and I parted ways and began to search. The area was ringed with trees, an island in a vast field of yellow and green. I walked with silent steps and reverent awe, stopping occasionally to read an inscription or just to look and ponder. I came upon a gray stone monolith and there I just stood, empty and alone, the breeze sifting through my hair.. The almost dead silence seeped into my body until my own breathing and heartbeat were almost non-existent whispers. I was a stranger here, yet the purpose of the moment made my presence necessary. In the quiet a twig snapped. Jumping up, I turned and there just yards away, with one fore-paw raised, was a raccoon staring at me with piercing eyes. I knew then that she was more than a guardian of her children, she was the guardian of those who rested here.

While I was watching the raccoon in awe rather than fear, someone shouted, "Over here." I turned and walked in the direction of the shout. As I came closer I noticed a piece of white stone sticking out of the ground with the initials JCD carved into it. I reached the spot and there, tilting slightly from the roots of the tree is was under , stood the curved lichen covered tombstone. With tender touch I traced the worn lettering of the weathered, wizened face. Flakes of lichen and limestone fell from fingertips and upon it was the name of my great great great-grandfather, Joseph Caswell Davis.

Greg Mullins

Necessary Night

Necessary night
Drapes the day's distress
In dark's cooler breath—

Play ground for passions
the Sun does not see.

Jon Covin

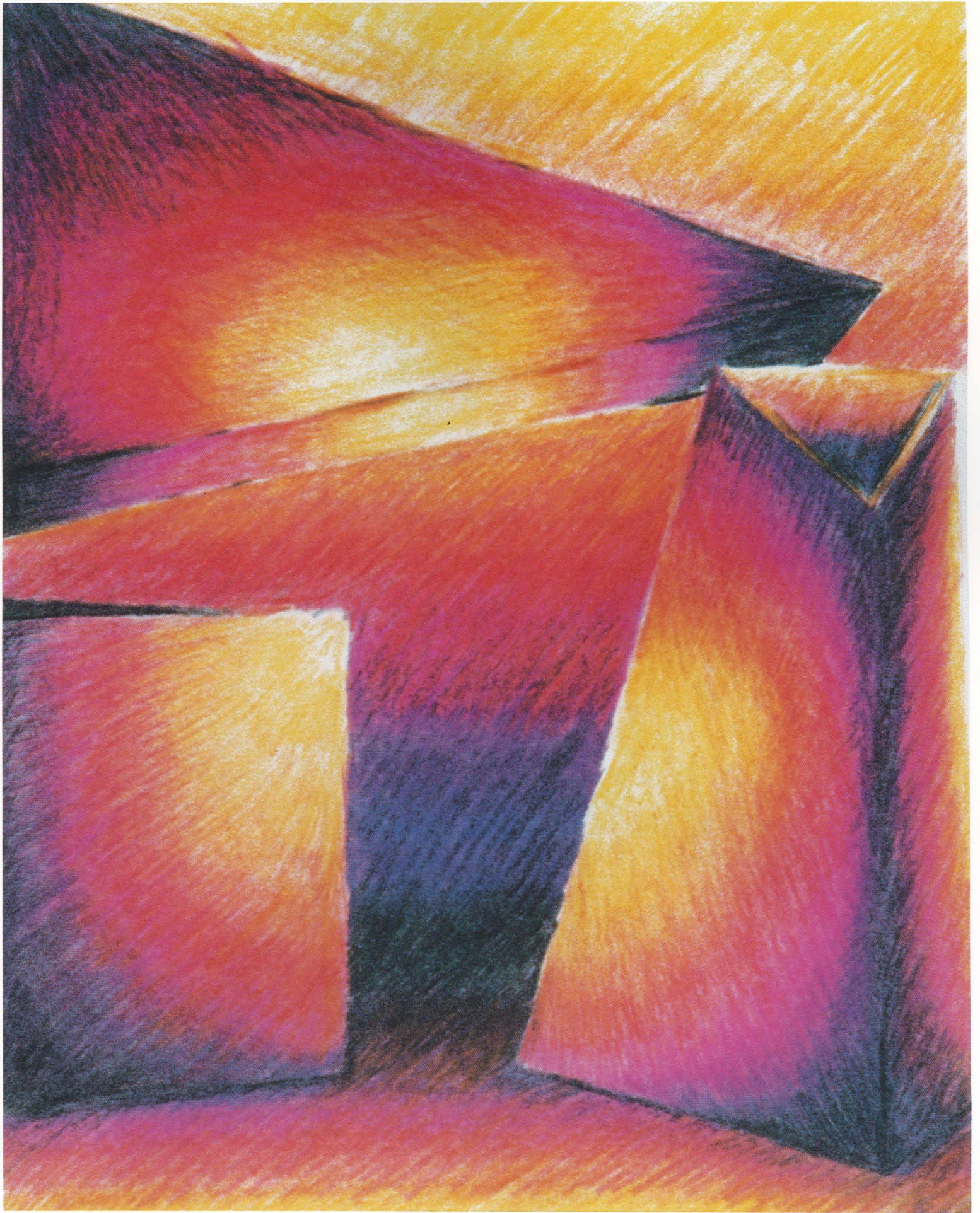
Facing Page:
Kim Hart
Cathedral





Paul Nowicki

Untitled



Al Barron

Inverted Circle



STARS

A token, Given by the Gods
for remembrance
Swirling nebulae
consecrated unto the greatest
the most High
Orion Andromeda Hercules Cassiopeia
Diamond clasps, fashioned by Hephaestus
to pin the cloak of night
into dark velvet folds

At first sight
A wish cast skyward
floats as gently as a child's
Ruffled Dandelion towards the stars
But you will be scattered
upon the earth,
You will be bound by soil
before your fervent wish is
received by the celestial favorites, my heart.

So gather your wishes
bequeath them to me
for I will guard them closely
(Not like the callous constellations)
and weave them into a shining
gift
then, I will return them to you
the most pure and perfect offering that I have
I will pour into your open hands,
cleansed of pain,
And they will shine
as brightly and beautifully
as the stars

Christie Koch

Homely Appreciation

Tossed out without time to prune
the trees became unshapely and heavy
with passage of mismanagement
that overtook the field and home.
This happened, they say, when it left -
the mood to function within a hub
of bustling motivation through and inundation
of gracious replies and conscious gestures;
all these actions stopped and were replaced
by what was granted and taken for granted
A warrant was put out for the recapturing of
the moment, but it was all too late by then
they, them, us and we all departed
our worldly possessions left in a house divided
by locked doors and blocked minds
unaided by our doubts yet expecting no retort
All along, the trees posturing and pondering
why no one troubles to shear their cares away
and earn their silently unsolicited appreciation.

Sam Gustas

Katsina, Kachina

Wisps of cotton,
Souls of our past,
Messengers of gods,
Givers of rain;
They gather on the horizon.
Soyal to Niman,
Winter to Summer;
Katsina, Kachina
Dance.

Greg Mullins

ODYSSEYS

the old Greeks came to campus seeking sons
On one last odyssey before they died;
they croaked of character and excellence
And hoped to win the young men to their side.

The cool barbarians were opportune
In welcoming the elder travellers,
For they could calculate a sordid boon
In brother hood with these old babblers.

While Mentor raved of comradeship in bonds
And Nestor praised the fellows of the lodge,
The young turks eyed them for their magic wands
And certain guarantees of *bon voyage*.

For their own odysseys so soon to start,
What better pilot than some rich old fart?

Alan Nordstrom

Untitled

Teacher, professor, He's one too you know.
The children grasped with those dirty hands
The religious dinners eaten without hands washed;
(Made it just in time.)
The days work, bills barely paid, family snug under the little they have.
A day's work, grimy hands,
Strong enough to fix and hold...
together.

Morality and ethics taught by Him,
through improper grammar and fragments...who knew?
(Who cared?)
Teacher, professor, He's one too you know.

Stacks of degrees lying in dust on our old coffee table with
the coffee stains on it
Many Phd's in roughhousing with the kids, quality time, and
prime-time TV.
Grad school in the basement fixing hot water pump
Pomp and circumstance through an empty bottle of coke-a-cola
out on the back lawn.

Chaucer Darwin Aristotle Who are they?
It didn't matter that he didn't know,
He knew how to do his job, to lift the lumber, to drive the
truck, to read the meter
And we always had food and we always had a warm place to sleep.
All character flaws all inadequacies
melt
Who were we to scrutinize under the microscope we never had?

I'm at school now, getting the education we never knew.
I'm held in the hallow of a callused hand
Engraved in my soul, which now sits in lectures,
is the life I'll never leave.
A doctorate may make your spine stiff and cause you to hold your head high,
but a deep sleep after a day of work; blue collar hanging limply
on the bedpost;
that is the education you can never undermine.
I could never learn more
from my teacher, my professor.
He's graduated me

Kathryn Martinelli



Landscape

Kim Hart

The Whisper of the River

When I am still, I hear the whispers
Beguiling laughter, wrenching sobs
earnest prayers
They linger in the walls and spring up
from the grass beneath my feet
with a sensual rustling they brush past my consciousness
The crisp smell of wet ink as it sinks into the wall
the echoes of a strident bell sounding in the night
the creak of old metal rungs, once mounted
with all the urgency of youth
When I am still, I learn from the whispers
they are the books of my soul
Each joy, each discovery, each sorrow
insinuates itself into the very foundation
of this place and resonates timelessly,
stirring the leaves of fall
and being renewed with the earth each spring
So I will endeavor to learn, to laugh, to cry
and to dance
I will color the walls with my own ink and my
bells will ring across the quad
and the years to come,
If I have been Educated here, then I will not
speak of what I have learned,
I will whisper.

Christie Koch

Facing Page:
Paul Nowicki
Untitled



Education of Little Tree

What do you know, Boy?
You with the blood that flows down your
unflinching back, like a latter-day Christ
What do you know, Boy?
You who feels words flowing from the
dark, rough bark of trees
What have you learned from the sun that gleams on the intricate
metal coils of your illicit livelihood?
What schooling does the Dog star give?
and what of the empty-eyed old man,
what knowledge can he impart?
Come in here, Boy. Take a seat.
You will learn from me.
Give meaning to my talking leaves, and
show me the importance in my columns of sums.
Give me proof of my Godliness
You, heathen Boy, with the love shining in your eyes
who sleeps against the bosom of Earth
who sees the joy in death,
What is it that you know, Boy, that
tells me that you should be my teacher, and not I yours

Christie Koch

Facing Page:
Tammy Regimbal
Untitled





Alexander Boguslawski

Artisans' Gallery



Alexander Boguslawski

Village Show



Melissa Lagod

Untitled

Untitled

I once heard
"Where did you learn of
Love?
From a book.
Sex?
From a box"
And I beg to defend
that Love
is nothing more
than a release of energy.
But,
that energy?
far more than the brightest
fires
of life.
To say there is
just one
is as random as
one
good apple in a bunch.
Ahh...
but that is there
the fun
To find your tree
on whose branches you
chose to swing.
One
that holds for you
every fruit imagined
and then some.
Love is an earthly
thing
and it must be taken
out of its box,
given water, time
light so bright,
only once.
And then set free to grow.

Claudia Collini

Albert and Alex

"Gravitation can not be held responsible for people falling in love"

OK Einstein, why is it I fall on her body at 9.8 m/s^2 acceleration

Or move to her faster and faster like a magnet

It may be gravitation

or magnetism

or cohesion tension

or the pull of the moon

or simply affinity between two young bodies

So fresh and new,

perfect

for experimentation,

corruption,

reconciliation,

or slow masturbation

of each others' parts leading to ecstatic arousal.

Nagoy we'll be on those sheets. Groodies, Pan-handles, and other such Alex things.

But don't forget the Britvas to cut the heart strings when they become too attached,

Or running through the doddering, old schoolmaster with his books on Geometry and Set Theory.

And We can remove all the order and evil from our world simply by touching

Each other in the perfect place

To touch the forbidden fruit of your neck

the gift of Adam to you and Me

But still blamed on the lovely Eve

To taste the fruit you so boldly carry

in your blouse

skirt

necktie

braids

rings

bracelets

Every adornment that hides your pale flesh from Sacred Ra

And holds me from ecstatic rapture

I'll never see you without, even with my minds' eye

Because I love you too dearly to seduce myself this way

You are perfection to me

And that you'll eternally be

A Goddess, well-clothed and girded with locks and chains

But I am not the man to unlock your gate.

Shawn Hastings

LONG, DAZED JOURNEY INTO LIFE

He didn't even get her phone number...

Life is full of awkward moments-parties, doubly so. Out of these moments something spectacular can spring. Sometimes there's just a fizzle. More times than not the outcome is not altogether clear. Like meeting someone for the first time.

If one was to try and calculate the number of awkward moments an average person has a simple survey could be taken from a selected geographically diverse group and fed into an equation. You'd come up with an average. Some in the group surveyed would have a higher number than another, but this would be equaled out by someone with a relatively low one. John Fenner, however, would probably throw off the curve. The easiest comparative moment in his life was learning how to walk, everything else, by his own thinking, has been rather trying. Take the last party he attended for example.

He met a great girl. They talked for quite a bit surpassing regular party chit-chat. They found that they had many things in common. The least of which that they shared a mutual attraction for each other. But as the evening wound out they just stood staring stupidly at each other...Fenner muttered a few more pleasantries...He looked at his shoes...He said good-bye and they both agreed that they should really see each other again...Fenner looked at his watch...then at his shoes again...He looked up in time to wave to her as she got in her car and drove off.

Time passed as it's apt to do. In fact, it continues to do so. There's no stopping it. The best a person can do is try to catch up with it. Unfortunately it has a jump on you. Time never sleeps. It's too bad, too. Wouldn't justice be served if just for once time woke up late and you were already up? This, of course, didn't happen Monday morning, and Fenner was fired from his job.

So, he spent a week in bed.

"Time be hanged," he thought, "I don't have to play by your rules this week."

Ring...

Ring...Ring...

Ri-

Click.

"Hello, this is John Fenner. I'm afraid I can't get to the phone right now without getting out of bed. I have considered training my cat to fetch it for me, but I don't like the idea of getting cat spit on the receiver. So, you're stuck with the machine. There is a nasty sounding electronic beep coming up. I trust you know what to do."
Breeeeeeeeeelellllleeeeeeeep...

"Fen...Hey, Fen...Get your ass up and answer the damned phone! Fenner!"

"Uh, hmph, hi, Sydney,...What d'ya want?"

"God, you sound like shit reheated in a microwave. Talking to you is like talking to one of the zombies from 'Dawn of the Dead,' of course for you that's 'Afternoon of the Dead.' You haven't seen dawn since you were fired. Don't you think it's about time you rejoin the living?"

The worst thing about having friends was that they were always acting with

concern as if they really cared about you. The worst thing about having Sydney as a friend was that she genuinely did.

"Really, Syd, I thought about it today, but the wind was against me."

"Oh, ha-ha Mister One-Liner. Look, you've been out of work a week now, and I think it's time you did something about it."

"But, I thought you said you wanted me to start living..."

"Well, you've got to do something. Here's an idea. Let's go downtown tonight with some of the gang and have a time. And for once, Fenner, try to have a good one."

"I can't promise you anything, but I'll try. Where and what time?"

"The Tavern Pub and Grub around nine. See ya."

Fenner only had five hours to get ready, so he figured he'd better get cracking. He still had to sit on the couch and watch television, smoke a couple of cigarettes, grab a bite, and decide which of his shirts was still clean enough to wear out. Maybe the one he'd slept in if he ironed it. A tie perhaps...

He wanted to look good in case he met someone.

He knew he wouldn't'.

At least, he knew he wouldn't try.

He couldn't. He still had the girl from the party on his mind. He sorted through that again, as he got ready to go out.

Her name was Laurel Bennett. She was a friend of a friend of a closer friend. As she spoke to others at the party Fenner stood transfixed upon her every move. He even became a living cliché and stared adoringly into her eyes. That is, until she turned his way. He turned quickly to feign interest at the several wall hanging, the books on the host's shelves and even at the cheese dip. He had been introduced around when he arrived, so he technically had already met her. There was no reason, he argued with himself, that he shouldn't strike up a conversation with her.

As luck had it, he didn't have to. He turned back from the dip to find her standing next to him. she began the conversation, "Is it any good?"

"Hmm?" he volleyed, trying not to sound startled.

"The cheese dip. You've been staring at it quite intently," she said with a wink.

"Oh, I haven't had any..."

"No?" she flipped her hair back to look up at him, "Are you afraid to? Or are you just trying to decide on an appropriate way to dip into it? Should you start out slow and cautious and just spoon some onto a plate? Or just dive right in with a carrot stick? I'd decide soon before it's gone."

"Oh, I will...er...Thank you..." Fenner picked up a spoon and a carrot stick. He hoped she wasn't really talking about the dip, but he didn't want to risk the assumption. He'd cover both bases in time. The cheese dip, however, looked to be the easier to tackle so he started with that. Sticking a carrot into the center of the dip he ladled more of the cheesy goo onto it up to where the tips of his fingers held it. He carefully lifted the laden vegetable to his lips.

He dribbled cheese down his tie.

Laurel laughed.

A laugh can go two ways. Fenner quickly decided to laugh a bit too so that it would at least appear that she was laughing with him in case things had just gone

horribly wring. Fortunately, it hadn't.

Parking downtown is a bitch. When you actually can find a space it's either too far from where you're going or it's in a demilitarized zone. Unless, of course, you want to pay a king's ransom to use a garage. Fenner parked only four blocks away from the pub so he felt a sense of triumph. He would have even walked with a spring in his step, but he felt he should rather conserve energy. It was liable to be a late night. If nothing else, it would be a long walk.

The interior of the Tavern Pub and Grub was a clumsy Floridian attempt at authentic English decor. The solid oak beams were actually Georgia pine, and the stain was just a tad too weak to give off the impression of ancient dark wood. They did have chips on the menu, but this stood to confuse the patrons who wanted French fries. And not one of the barmaids ever said, "'Ere y' go, luv.'" Occasionally you hear a "bloody" just for appearance's sake. They did have darts, though. Not those electronic machines with the plastic tipped fake darts, but real man's darts—steel tipped, and sharp, with Andy Capp on the flights. And, of course, they have some of the finest English ales.

Fenner walked to the back where Sydney and "some of the gang", in other words, Frank, were playing darts.

"Nice grouping, Frank."

"Group this, Fenner..."

"Oh, what a wit...Is there a seat at the Algonquin Round Table for me, Mr. Woolcott? How are ya Syd?"

"Fine. Hang on a sec, I'm just about to blow Frank out of the water. I only need one eighteen. And two twenties, a sixteen, three seventeen's, two fifteen's, and the bulls. But, I already have my nineteen's and three shots coming."

Fenner gave a sarcastic whistle, "Well, I'm going to get a beer. Frank, Syd, can I get you anything?"

"Oh, not for me, thanks," said Syd, shooting her last dart.

"Frank?"

"Sure, a beer, but, hey, not one of those English dark things you drink. Get me a Bud or something."

"How about a Schlitz, Frank? Or a Blatz?"

I really shouldn't be here tonight, thought Fenner, I really should be in bed getting a good night's sleep so I can go out job hunting in the morning. He grabbed the drinks and sat down at a table. He lit a cigarette and began to relax. Frank and Syd joined him presently. "So, who won?" he asked.

"Who do you think?" said Frank self righteously. "Take you on a game?"

"I don't think your ego could take it, Frank," said Fenner and he took a long draught of his beer. "You know, I'm sometimes sorry the Revolutionary War turned out the way it did," he continued, using his beer as a segue, "Any country that makes beer this good can't be all bad."

"What do you mean, Fenner," said Syd, "The war was fought mainly due to taxation. If you think they lost, take a better look at your bar tab."

"So, have you gotten anywhere with that little unit from the party?" asked Frank with his usual charm.

"Well, no, not exactly. I mean, I haven't seen her since, and I can't find her number in the phone book..."

"Have you tried information?"

"What?" Fenner had to shout for suddenly the air was split by what sounded like someone was performing unspeakable acts upon Siamese cats. "Shit," shouted Fenner, "I forgot it was local band amateur night. The tip off should have been the drum set, spaghetti of wires and amps, and the digital fake-o-talent keyboard set up.

The band that evening was of exceptional poor taste and quality—doing Beatle tunes with a Seattle slant. "Strawberry Fields" as if slashed at by Nirvana. Fencer drained his beer, "Gotta go." He drove home and went to sleep.

Fenner woke up early in the afternoon for a change, did the three "S's" and over a pot of coffee scanned the want ads. The inevitable was staring him in the face. Soon he was going to need some money. He like being able to pay for the drinks on occasion, not to mention the fact that rent was coming due.

The employment opportunities advertised in the paper looked bleak. "With my frame I'm not cut out for warehouse work. I have only rudimentary typing skills, so office work is out, I'm not cut out for Medical, Professional, Trade or Technical...mmm...last resort—Miscellaneous Employment." Nothing much caught his eye, but he had to look for something, anything, today. If only for the fact that he was now wide awake. "Well, maybe 'clerk needed for book shop' would be interesting—enough," he thought and finishing off that good, last drop of coffee he drove downtown.

The book shop was a quaint little store in a renovated two hundred year old building. It had a sort of polished Victorian look about it. The hardwood floors creaked a bit as he walked inside. Putting on his friendly, yet serious and professional envelope (he had studied acting in college) he inquired as to the position and filled out an application.

He had kept his last job almost three years until he was fired. "I hope they don't ask me about that," he sighed to himself. It's not as if he did anything that heinous; he was just late occasionally, that's all. "Think positive," he chided himself. "That was the old me. I've turned over a new leaf. Just look at how early I got up today...Well, it's a start, anyway." Suddenly his back was gripped with tension. He started to perspire slightly. He was already envisioning the rejection. He finished the application and got an interview the same moment.

The interview went rather well. The owner, Mrs. Cathcart, asked the usual questions and Fenner gave the usual responses. They talked a bit about books (what else?) and as it turned out they shared a common love for many of the same authors. Yes, she did ask about his past termination and Fenner turned on as much charm as he could muster to try to smooth it all out and assure her that the past was past and there should be no problems with tardiness in the future should she offer the position.

"Well, everything seems to be in order. Thank you for coming by and you should be hearing from me in the next couple of days," said Mrs. Cathcart rising to show

Fenner out. "Oh, this is your home phone number here, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Fenner quickly glancing at the application. "Thank you very much for taking the time to see me today. Good-bye."

As he left he felt the nagging sensation that something was wrong, though he couldn't quite place his finger on it. As he drove off he tried to sort it out. "Damn! The phone number! No, no, that couldn't...I son't write down the wrong number...I mean, my own number incorrectly, did I? It must have just been my eyes playing tricks on me. I only glanced back at it as I was leaving. I can't be that stupid! It has happened in the past, though...Hell, I never call myself!" Fenner sometimes rearranged the first three digits in his number carelessly. Well, only the first and third were juxtaposed, the middle '9' was always in the right place. The '2' and the '4' would flank left and right alternately.

"I can't believe it," he further harangued himself, "Did I put down '492' instead of '294'? I suppose I could always just go back and check." He looked for a convenient spot to pull a U-ey. "No, I can't go back and check. She'll think I'm an idiot. I guess I'll just wait it out. If she calls I'll know everything was fine, if not it either means I really screwed up or just didn't get the job." He drove home and waited.

On the third day he started to worry.

On the fourth day he decided to do something about it. Just calling Mrs. Cathcart was to be the last resort. He'd have to think of something clever first. He did. He'd call the wrong number—his own with the first three digits jumbled, and ask if anyone had called for him there.

"Hello?"

"Er, hello, uh, you don't know me but...Well, my name is John Fenner and—"

"Oh, I know who you are."

"Really, oh, did someone call for me there?"

"Yes, but I also met you once, at a party about a week ago..."

"Laurel?"

"Uh-huh."

"God! This is great! I mean, talk about coincidence! Um, hey, can I see you sometime?"

"Sure, how's tonight?"

Fine. Shall I pick you up or would you rather meet somewhere? I can't believe this."

"I'll meet you downtown at...Do you know where the Tavern Pub and Grub is?"

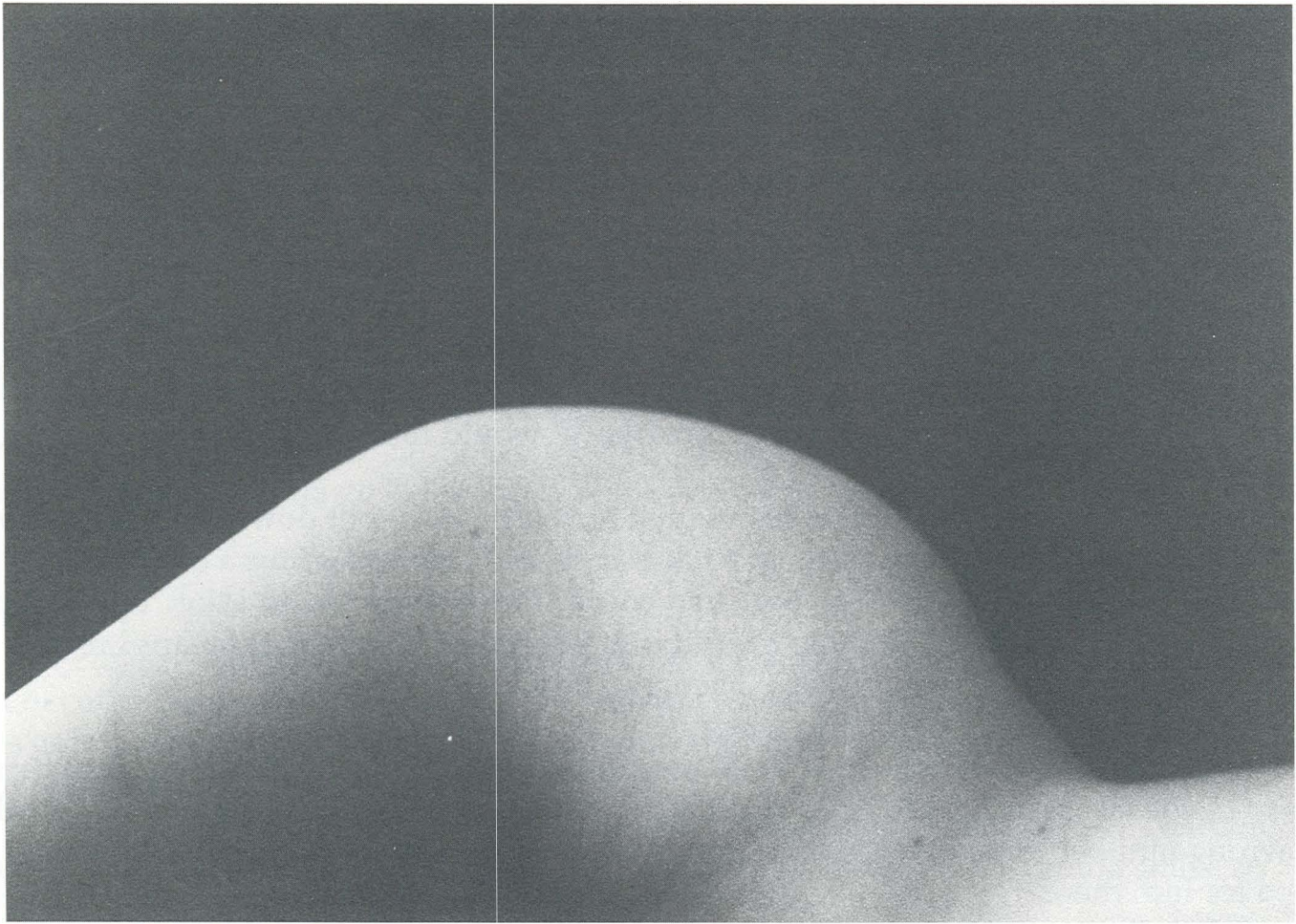
"Yeah, how about nine?"

"Sounds fine and John...You'd better call a Mrs. Cathcart if you still want the job."

Fenner and Laurel chatted for a bit more until they decided it was time to hang up so they'd still have something to talk about when they met later. Fenner gently returned the receiver to its cradle and began to foolishly skip and dance around the apartment joyously. Then he tripped and knocked himself out cold.

The End.

M.S. Cooper



Alexa Motley

Landscape, Flesh, Self Study

contemplating my naked body

looking down
pale translucent skin
i tremble, i shake
small breasts slump
stick arms useless
soft full tummy
(happy in psuedopregnancy)
white bent knees
exposing the inner legs
with toes curling and feeling
skin
falling and grabbing and covering
simulating a nothingness
trying to be smaller
to hide

Carter Gray

Plastic, perfect, prissy ass

perfect ass squeezed into a tube dress
thinking the round thing is a god
men stare and lall
like babies in their sleep.
I've heard guys talk about girls like this
her eyes turned to the sky
they all look at her creamy thighs
and dream of a coming time
for her to see him
but he only dreams of a perfect ass in a tube dress

she struts by on six inch heel
legs tanned by a fluorescent lamp
leading up to her perfect ass
her only flaw is a panty line
specimen of womanhood
that breezes by where we stood.

stupid bitch don't look at me
you're not enough for the ass I am
I bet it sounds different coming at you
not used to being hurt like everyone else
welcome to real life like we live
ain't it fun being like every other kid
that you hurt with your staring
glaring
uncaring
snide bearing glances
that only tear holes
in young men's souls.

but you don't care and you don't have to
you're a goddess to most men
you know you can rule the world
with a simple night time fling
but you can't rule me

does rebellion excite you
is it beard like your father had
what could it be I implore
make you want to look at me
with your deep blue eyes
that thrill men and turn them on
those eyes don't work on me.

she walked past, my friends drool
I tell them to mop up their mess
she isn't worth it and I wouldn't try
not because she's out of my league
but because this league is only mine.
and we have only one rule in this league:
no perfect ass squeezed into a tube dress.

Shawn Hastings



Alexa Motley

Untitled

lover

yeah, well, you just lay those blows upon me
it makes it easier to bang the screen door
as i slip out to lick the bruises clean
your name used to be lover
now you're just another daddy
ready to sit me on you lap and sweet-talk away the welts
and the chafing from those proverbial apron strings
that bind me to you and your starving hands
hot breath in my ear
that i can feel in the base of my spine
and i realize it's time to
"get out of the kitchen"
because your rabid lips are no longer my salvation.

Teresa Greenlees

Lone man

I walk down the street; fog engulfs my corpse losing me in illusion. The smell of cigarettes and alcohol fill the air and cling to mt coat as I search for reality. Look at the glass; sweat falls like tears: Glass why do you cry?

I've drank so much; I don't see the neon lights or smoke before me, or do I? I walk some more. Another lost soul heavy with drink passes in the fog: He seems to have found the wrong things.

I am not a derelict, a bum, a street man, homeless. I am alone, searching for me or someone to help me find me or a love or an enemy or just a friend. I am alone. My friends are not smokes or brews and tabs of acid. My friends I lost a long time ago to those things. I've lost so much in this fog, I pray I may get out one day.

Alone I search for reality. The fleeting, cruel dream that laughs in my face and calls me an old drunk. I know he is wrong, but I can't tell him until I find him, and for that I must get out of this fog.

Shawn Hastings



Elsewhere

There is a distance in her mind
far-reaching in both direction
Mobile thoughts command the core
through foresight or reflections
Present time, though, is absent time
she denies her consciousness
Flies her reason everywhere
but never come home to rest

Angela Suchich

Lost In A Bowl

Suspended in your little glass world
Floating in space that's invisible
unaware of what is outside the hard thick wall

Your days, life and existence
blend into a kaleidoscope of transparency
stuck in a calm

Conscious of nothing
yet lonely
Never to know the freedom of the sea

Living, breathing, feeling, motionless
in still, calm water
stagnant from the faucet

Christian Foster

Facing Page:
Tammy Regimbal
Untitled

Desire

silky smooth umbrella, the savior of dryness
wielded high above a person like a company's standard
as the battle still rages on; racing through the crowds
a war fought verbally with passerbys and pedestrians
rudeness becomes more than a weapon on the streets,
for it is elevated to an art by clueless and slightly slack
individuals, each mind cluttered with the secular ways
of a stark grey world and sky and sights and days
retrogression and introspection, night after venomous night
the street corner looms ahead, a visibly obtainable point
at which stands the bright yellow chariot, a chessboard
copied onto it's sides, an eager driver awaiting to take you
and your money away from this maniacal municipality
back to the place where you're always safe
to a place where you're never near any of it.

Sam Gustas

My House

I live a life of slamming doors
in a Gingerbread house
made of poisoned sugar
grown stale with time.
I enter through the sweet frosted doorway
only to taste the bitterness within
My ears shut to the shouts,
I dream of a witch
that feeds me plump
only to devour my juicy young heart.
Someone to blame
for my innocent prison.

No home at all

the saccharine house
threatens to crumble with every tremor
that ripples through the empty rooms
and falls upon my closed ears
bang, bang, banging its way in

And spreading its cancer
across my protesting mind
with syrupy words that calm me for a moment
...until the next explosion.

Like thickly buttered popcorn
bursting with such unacknowledged violence
from its shell, my skull erupts
and trickles through my eyes
and turns to salt, ready to sprinkle in the bowl.

I walk outside, following my breathe through the cold night
like Hansel and Gretel walking in circles through the woods
doubting their trust
resented by a stepmother
sold out by a father—
their own blood,
a thick soup that was diluted too thin to protect them.
With no love to nourish our hunger,
we wander, three orphans under the stars

On a road that inevitably leads back
to a cookie dough existence that is all we've ever known
stepping back through the door
acting normal
stretching a smile upon a face that has forgotten how
always watching for the witch that dwells in the shadows
waiting to slam another door or shout another insult
and cast me into the oven once and for all.

Becky Wilson

Christmas Eve

The man with the worn Levi's, hazel
eyes, smelling of stale Marlboro Reds and
cheap beer from every pore staining his
short-sleeved button down shirt.

Riding on Christmas Eve to a place
I knew like a memory,
playing piano, shag blue rug like powder,
sipping Coke his hands shook around
the glass,

Ice jingles like reindeer bells.

Long slender fingers more accustomed to
frosted bottles.

White candles flickering on the table,
reflecting in my hazel eyes
the Three Wise Men poisoned from eating
spoiled mutton and baby Jesus
vomiting on his soiled swaddling cloths.

Over the couch stuffed mallards
frozen in flight,

And by the fireplace

A shiny new bike, too tall and grown up for
me, but racer red and fast enough to ride away far,
pedaling until next year
was gone.

Heather Hitchcock

Facing Page:
Kim Hart
Birth





Jen Madigan

Untitled



Kim Hart

Kinesthetically Speaking



Jen Madigen

Untitled

Shoes

Shall I discuss my childhood
in terms of tears or toys?
Shall I discuss it in terms of
Christmases and candy?
No, it should be shoes;

Sandy shoes that ran in the water
and burrowed in the dunes.
Small, shiny black shoes that wrinkled
my Holiday tights and scuffed easily.
My long lost mushroom sandal that
is still caught in a croft of some tree
Detestable saddle shoes that I neatly
avoided wearing-thanks to a convenient
pile of manure.
Stylish, impractical and ugly jelly shoes
that I ruined after two wearings
Red maryjanes with sharkskin toes
that I couldn't destroy by kicking my
brother- no matter how hard I tried.

Best of all, there was sometimes no
shoes- grungy brown bare feet that
splashed through puddles and
crunched through grass. Because
childhood is the Freedom of shamelessly
bare feet.

Christie Koch



Sabina

Solitary
contemplative figures
drift through echoing halls,
bend to study illuminated bit and pieces
of the past, speak in hushed respectful voices.
In this solemn sonorous place
Sarah is a discordant grace note.
She seems smaller, noisier than usual,
thrusting her head between me
and the ancient memorial,
seizing the spotlight's nimbus
for a halo on her gleaming red hair.
She squints back at me, searching my eyes
for the meaning of the stone's
tired noble scratches.
"Let's go!" Tugging my hand.
"There are *bats*. Please?"

While I read the legend
Sarah gives up, slips away.
The stone stood over a small grave of ashes,
somewhere on the Appian Way:
*For Sabina, sweetest and most dutiful of daughters,
who lived eight years, ten months, and thirteen days.
Pollita, her most unhappy mother, erected this.*

Suddenly I know the woman who
counted each day with her daughter
rather than mark the one in which she died.
Suddenly tears just fall and fall
for the human heart that bears it all,
forever weeping the ocean full.

Then I hear Pollita say,
That's enough. Count each day.
I fumble blind with museum map
(where are the bats?)
and hurry off in search of my Sabina.

Kathy Aziz

Taking Back Sundays

I'm taking back Sundays
and church doors that swing
and hinges that aren't heard
o'er choirs that sing
I'm taking back Sundays
to love what God made
and bask in the glow
of his velvet parade
I'm taking back Sundays
for green life that sways
and white puffs that scatter
for splendid blue days
Yes, Sundays I'm claiming
for days left to hap
and sweet heads of slumber
that rest upon laps

Teresa Greenlees



Jen Madigen

Untitled

The Girl who Lived the Blues

She sat silently,
mouth wrapped around some imported
cigarette - Russian I think,
breathing out life.
Smoke is real, it doesn't lie.
Suck away and all it does is give.

So she sat, Italian shoes long since
worn, scuffs masked under black
marker,
Runs in her stockings (though covered
discretely under her long skirt.)

She sat silently, yeah, but she was
alive, more than most,
wide eyes sponging up it all,
dust, darkness, brightness...
She couldn't sing, but man, she
could listen,
hear all the vowels speak, the
heart of every sound, note, even
silence talked to her thick with
meaning,
opaque and transparent,
heavy with soul and thin as a
watery whisper.

So she sat,
somewhere heart beating out music.

Heather Hitchcock

THE PICTURE BOOK AND THE PORCUPINE BROTHER

Mom, Chris and Joy:
a tripod of figures
huddled on the threadbare carpet
concentrated on the picture book's creased pages.
We laughed.
The nappy dark green carpet
overpopulated by flat colored disks
(milk-chocolatecandiessthatmeltinyourmouth—notinyourhand)
Chris and I emptied the half-bag,
and watched as colors rolled and scattered.
Cupped hands and chubby fingers used to
spread the colors into artificial rainbows around the picture book.

Lazy sloth slept on page 5
a thick brown creature with eyes heavy as stones,
honestly lazy and helpless in a curled-C.
"Sloth!" I said delightedly, for the sloth was my favorite.
"Slawwwth," Chris slobbered delightedly.
Mom popped a red in his.
Page 6 showed a fluffy tall bird
cowardly hiding his head.
"Ostrich," I named it and Chris repeated it, "Austreeeech."
Mom popped a brown in my mouth.
Mom popped an orange in his.
Squatting on page 7, a brown animal burdened
with long pointed needles—called quills—
cried because the other animals wouldn't go close.
A big tear rolled out of Porcupine's eye like a clear heart.
"Porcupine," I told the picture book, sadly.
Chris had trouble, "Corpu...copru...poe-crue-pine."
Mom popped a brown in his mouth.
Mom popped a green in my mouth.
Mom kissed us both.

Now my throat closes up when I try to eat m&m's.

Late September, raincoat flapping, eyes heavy as stones, no
rainbows anywhere. I rush from the expensive black car,
finally arrive at the white building, hurry down
hallsallthesame turn corneruponcorners
greetattendants ("Hi, Ed.") and doctors
see one-fluffy stylish hair drooping
hiding mom's face, tall figure
defeated i'm thinking chris
must've had another very
badweek alone in
hisusual place
iseehim

quilling

Debbie Mikuta

blood line

over glasses of gin stories
about the aunts and uncles and cousins,
names attached to unfamiliar faces in photographs
flow from my father's lips like bible verses.

his hands extend in a rhythm,
blowing the dust off the stack of albums
that rot like heaps of fruit.
I am not interested—feel no nostalgia.
as the gin is consumed I can no longer understand
the chromosomes that bind our souls together.

these are the reasons why I drink tonight:
because his jawline is mine,
the color of the skin and the
shape of the hands,
a resemblance too thick for expression.

oh my father did you ever think
that it would come to this?
that your daughter still shakes at
the sight of you,
only comes to see you out of obligation,
always searching for a way to end the blood line.

Kathy Eaton

MID-LIFE CRISIS OF THE 13TH DALAI LLAMA

i am you are not
what i you me we
meant to
be you have
gone and left
me hear me
as i ask for
help from us

Peter Diller

NEXT PACK

The next pack of Cigarettes I buy will be in Hell.
I'm gonna die soon, can't you tell
That my lungs are poisoned from the nicotine,
Carbon monoxide and THC
I so firmly enjoy to kill myself with.
I'll be puffin a cigar as I see ol' Beelzebub
I look to him sternly and ask him to pass the Bud.
But no Pepsi can will be crushed in this place,
A sterling silver pipe for the beloved mind race
TOOL that smells stale even when fresh,
Rolled in a joint or smoked in a dish.
I won't do it again until I meet Satan.

Heaven don't want me I', tobacco-stained
With alcohol I tried to wash it away
It made me feel better and progressively worse
That, God, it got HEAVY or I'd run out of words.
Slobbering, staggering, insulting the crowds
I spoke truly, I said my words loud
Louder Than Bombs, I yelled The Queen is dead
As too much Smiths' bounced in my head
While drinking and smoking in true college style
Not giving up til I was as high as a mile.
But I'm ending those days right here and now
Then I will go up front to take my deep bow
Take up the spotlight, listen for the applause.
The crowds will still love me for the problems I've caused,
Even as they lower down me down into my cement vault
My lovers and friends will believe it wasn't my fault.
That I had to go on thgis early day
"It was that driver," that's what they'll say
As I descend to see that big, red fellow
Where the flames and lava darkly bellow
I would find him slowly from I stood
Give him a wink and offer a smoke like I should
Waiting there I'd smile before he throws me away
Into that chamber with my fellow tobacco-stained.

The next pack of cigaretted I buy will be in Hell
And I'm turning over one Lucky for the Devil Himself.

Shawn Hastings

Facing Page
Paul Nowicki
Pain and
Obsession







Melissa Lagod

Untitled



Becky Harlow

Dancers

LAURI PASSED OUT ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, *FOR T.Q*

Well, I had fun.
Not all of us did.
Marj and Steve are determined to enjoy their day.
We don't see them for hours.
Lauri?
She passed out.

We dance down-town.
Too many people around for a descent game of Frisbee.
It's hot.
She was leaning against a wall.
Next thing she's as white as a ghost.

Let's take off. NO! Don't look back.
We might catch a disapproving eye.
You read me the Gettysburg Address.
Later we'd visit Gettysbury together-even
Kiss on the exact spot where the speech was delivered.
I rest on your chest in Lincoln's shadow.
One minute she's talking to me and then-WHAM!
She fell right on top of me.
She was as stiff as a corpse. I cracked up.

I feign interest and sadness at the WALL.
I'm actually too distracted by you.
I want your arm around my waist again.
We catch fire-flies and I know you want to kiss me.
The girls next to us helped me bend her knees.
We raised her legs above her heart for no good reason.

Back on the blanket there are blank stares, except
For Marj and Steve who smile like proud accomplices.
My head is in your lap for the fire-works.
Ginnie is clearly jealous. Bob, as always, the good sport.
Two nurses brought us upstairs so we wouldn't
Have to wait in line for the bathroom, which is where she
Passed out in the first place. They gave us both juice.

We're separated by the crowd on the train home.
You make faced at me and everyone sees.
It was a good day.
I had fun.
I don't think Lauri did.
It was the Fourth of July. She passed out.

Coley Gallagher



Jen Madigen

Untitled

YOUR BLUE FINGER

A few years ago my best friend and her significant other bought a house. It was quite a drive to come and visit her, but I managed to make it out there one Saturday as promised to help her decorate. Their new place was an old two-story brownstone. Helen and Seth had only been living there a couple of weeks, so it still had that "bare-but-full-of-possibilities" look about it. It also had that "these-cardboard-boxes-are-never-going-to-get-unpacked" look about it, too. I pulled into their driveway at about six o'clock. Helen must have heard my car coming because she was waiting for me at the front step before I turned the corner. (She's been begging me to have my muffler fixed for years.)

"What took you so long to get here? I was worried about you." Helen opened my car door to help me out. It was a chilly night and you could see your breath but the Helen looked beautiful, her hair pouring down like a waterfall.

"Well, I haven't been to the Cape in years. I forgot how bad the traffic can be." I walked to the back of the car and got by suitcase out of the trunk. "Aren't you going to tell me how I should have my muffler fixed, like you always do?"

Helen didn't answer my question. She jumped when I laid my suitcase down on the sidewalk. "You're staying for the weekend! I'm so happy!" I was happy that she was happy to see me. Helen and I grew up together. We hadn't seen much of each other, though, since graduation. We've seen even less of each other since her and her significant other decided to move in.

By the way, "significant other" is the phrase that Helen always uses. The fact is, Helen and Seth are married. She doesn't like to call him her husband, though. Helen is very content and has never tried to hide the ring on her finger, but the word 'husband' sticks in her throat. I think the only time she heard the word and didn't cringe was at the ceremony when the judge said "I now pronounce you husband and wife." The wedding was during our junior year at Boston College. Helen and Seth, knees and hand shaking, pledged their eternal devotion to one another on a Friday afternoon in a courthouse. They went on their honeymoon during Spring Break. At the end of March Helen and Seth came back to campus walking hand in hand, looking at each other the way lovers do, but never saying a word about the wedding. They ate meals together and kept separate living spaces. The cohabitation part of the marriage finally came three years after graduation, when Helen and Seth made the down payment on the brownstone.

When we went inside I had to admire the arched doorways and hardwood floors. Helen beamed with pride as she took me on a tour of the house. It was as if she wasn't just proud of the house but proud of the fact that she planned to live there a long time.

We came across Seth reading in the bedroom.

"So you finally made it, Janet. We were afraid the interstate swallowed you up."

"It wanted to," Helen said, "but I don't think it would eat the muffler on her car."

"Oh, leave her car alone. That car is an antique."

"It's a relic," Helen replied laughing.

"I love it when people talk about me like I am not in the room."

"Oh Janet, we're sorry." Seth smirked at me. His long hair was in his face but I could still tell that he was smirking. He walked over to me and hugged me, picking my feet up off the floor.

Over dinner Seth and Helen asked for all the recent details of my life. If you have ever heard stories about what it is like to be the only single friend that all of your married friends have let me assure you that they are all true.

"Have you hired someone yet for that position at the newspaper?" Seth asked, rolling spaghetti onto his fork.

"I interviewed a girl today. She's still in college—seems very bright. It went okay. I'm not sure I'll hire her but I like her a lot. She knows how to suck up the boss without looking too obvious about it."

Helen lit up a cigarette and handed it to me. I shook my head so she smoked it herself. "What happened?" she asked.

"Well, I had been calling this girl since early in the week but couldn't get a hold of her. We played phone tag for awhile but when we finally got a hold of each other she told me that I had the prettiest voice. She said she couldn't wait to meet me and see what kind of face went with the voice."

"You have a sweet voice," Helen said. She said it in a way that anticipated me reminding her that all through high school everyone picked on my voice. It seems that while my body made it out of puberty, my voice got lost somewhere in between.

It was very intuitive of her because that was what I was going to tell her.

"People are always saying something about my voice. For God's sake, it's too high. I could communicate with dolphins and whales. Everyone either tells me that my voice is too high or that I sound like I'm whispering when I talk and that's sexy so I should do phone sex and make big bucks."

"They're just jealous of you," Helen assured.

"And you do have a sweet voice," Seth said.

"You know what qualities I think you should look for when you hire for this position?" Helen was trying to be subtle but not doing a very good job. "A nice..."

"...man who I can have one of hem office affair things with and eventually settle down with one day." Helen blushed when I finished her sentence.

Seth came to her defense. "It wouldn't hurt you to maybe hire someone who was qualified and male."

I looked up from my plate of spaghetti and tried to smile. On the drive over I was fearing that the dinner conversation would go this way. I was confident that I could defend the attributes of my single lifestyle to my married friends. Helen and Seth, the epitome of 'star-crossed lovers', the master of the 'separate but together' theory, were determined to see me in a satisfying relationship. To be fair though, the idea of making some handsome young upstart sleep his way to the top did appeal to me in a sick sort of way.

"Do you want to help me paint the bathroom before Saturday Night Live comes on?" Helen asked. Watching Saturday Night Live was a ritual for the three of us in college. Usually the ritual also involved drinking a fifth of something, and that make Saturday Night Live re-runs bearable.

I nodded and followed them to the bathroom. We left the dishes on the table.

Helen had been telling me about how she want me to help her paint a mural on the walls of the bathroom. When I walked in the room the first thing I noticed was a big

sunflower painted on the seat of the toilet.

"Well, that's festive," I remarked pointing to the toilet. Helen grinned in agreement.

A few minutes later Seth left and came back with a bottle of Wild Turkey. We had never drank bourbon whiskey before. It seemed like too manly a drink, like Helen and I would grow chest hair if we consumed it. That didn't stop us, though. Seth played bartender, mixing the Wild Turkey with a little bit of coke. We drank it and forgot all about the dishes left on the table.

After a few drinks I found that I couldn't paint anymore, or talk in complete sentences. Helen is much better at holding her liquor than me. In college she could drink any man under the table and still make it back to the dorm unassisted. I've always admired her alcohol tolerance level.

Helen kept right on painting. Seth sat in the bath tub, taking slow sips from his glass and looking at Helen. I knew what he was thinking—"I can't believe my wife and I are finally living together."

I looked at Helen. She was outlining a figure on the wall. The lines were fluid but wild. It took me a while to realize that it was me she was painting on the wall. Helen was drunk, though, and by the time she got to painting the eyes on my face she put down her brush. Helen stuck her finger in some blue paint and smeared it across the face on the wall.

I had to giggle. "Are those my eyes?"

Helen nodded. She smiled, not saying anything, but clearly pleased with her work. Then she walked over to the bathtub and sat in it with Seth. He had fallen asleep but when he felt her body next to his he wrapped his arms around her waist. I lied down on the linoleum and looked at my picture painted on the bathroom wall.

It was a little before dawn before any of us woke up.

"Man, we missed Saturday Night Live," Seth said, rubbing his eyes.

"It's okay. I think it was a re-run anyway. Is Helen awake?"

Helen opened one eye, then the other, and stood up. She looked at the figure painted on the bathroom wall. Then she turned to me. "What did I do to the eyes?" she asked.

"Look at your blue finger."

Helen lifted up her index finger, covered in paint.

"I have to go to the bathroom," she said softly, "so all of you get out of here."

Helen and Seth lived in that brownstone for a long time and never painted over the picture in the bathroom. I still drive to Cape Cod whenever I can to see them, but I can't ever go into that bathroom without remembering the strong scent of bourbon. Over the years the color of the my eyes have faded as the paint absorbed into the drywall. Seth has never stopped gazing at Helen like the day would never end. Helen still gets paint on her fingers.

Kathy Eaton

DISEASE

Reality can be so unreal for some.
Understanding life and death,
Blowjobs, whatever, people don't get it.
Being alive only lasts a short time.
Eternity doesn't pay attention to us.
Reality is beyond our comprehension.
Still, we shouldn't just fuck ourselves to death.

Peter Diller

Accidentally About My Father

every time i saw you i thought of razor blades
share your glass empty with song
shackles bleed me blue
i look as old as dinosaurs
downstairs where its real

feed the noise
my closed eyes see red
no one asked how it feels
i forget myself in the shower
praying to be clean

use there bones to pick locks
make wishes
green finds me stealing dreams
from little girls sleeping

Coley Gallagher



Tammy Regimbal

Untitled

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David Nall (father figure to us all)

We would also like to offer our thanks to all Rollins organizations and offices who assisted us this year, including Student Activities and our sponsor SGA. A special thanks to Pacific Printing for their fine work on our third year with them.

Thanks to all of our contributors and to all of our friends who have supported us this year. A special thanks to everyone who endured us during times of acute stress, and enjoyed with us our successes.

Good luck to Melissa Lagod and Randy Gilmore, next year's prospective editors.

Brushing
the Literary and Fine Arts Magazine
of Rollins College
in now accepting submissions
in art, photography, and writing
for the Spring 1995 issue.

Guidelines and conditions for contribution:

1. Submissions must be accompanied by a sheet listing the titles of the works, the artist's name, address, phone number, and a short bio. If you are not a Rollins student, please enclose a SASE for the return of your work. The deadline for non-Rollins submissions is November 25, 1994. The deadline for Rollins submissions is January 1, 1995. Please limit your submissions in one medium to 10 items. Publication is scheduled for mid April 1995.
2. Photographs and artwork of all sizes may be submitted; negatives will be required for accepted color photographs.
3. Written works may include short stories, poetry, essays, or other short creative pieces. Written submissions must be typed. There is no set size limit, but size limitations on the magazine prevent the inclusion of very large works. A 1500 word limit on prose submissions is suggested as a guideline.
4. Works will be judged by appropriate staff members and editors. Works that are accepted will be retained until the publication of the magazine. Copyright is retained by the contributor. **Brushing** reserves the right to reproduce visual and written contributions in appropriate productions. Payment is 1 copy.

Brushing is a non-profit creative forum intended for both beginning and accomplished artists in the written and visual fields. While a large portion of the magazine is intended for student publication, we welcome submissions from other universities and the artistic community at large. Simultaneous submissions and previously published works are accepted. Experimental poetry is accepted, though not the focus of the magazine.

Brushing is an open, liberal magazine; however, our goal is to present the most creative, artful work possible. Submissions of an extreme or pointlessly offensive or dogmatic nature are discouraged.

Send submissions to: **Brushing**
1000 Holt Avenue-2536
Winter Park, Fl 32789-4499

Any comments or concerns may be addressed to the attention of the Editors, or call at 407-646-1802. Your call will be returned as quickly as possible.

General Deadline: November 25, 1994
Rollins Deadline: January 1, 1995

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RANDY AND SHAWN SAY BON APPETIT

Bad Poetry

A bad poetry reading attacks and eats the ear
The title takes a foreboding nibble
You flinch at its sound

The first stanza works on your nerves
your muscles start to twitch uncontrollable,
you gasp
Your ear lobe quivers and recoils in fear
You squeeze your tongue tight between your molars
to divert the agony

The second stanza sinks its fangs in
You yelp in pain
Blood starts to trickle down your shirt
You start to lose hope

After the third stanza, there is no biting
Instead, there is a slow slow chewing,
that only prolongs the anguish
The poem takes pleasure in your suffering
It wants it to last

Soaked in sweat,
You collapse to the floor,
as the poem drones on relentlessly
you shiver like an abused dog
On the blood stained carpet

As the poem approaches an end,
you explode into a series of violent spasms
You scratch at the carpet desperately with your fingernails
:You scream
The poem ends
You feel for your ear,
but there is nothing...

You black out

Johnathan Randal Gilmore

The Las and oohs

LA LA la la LA
What kind of intelligence does this curtail
What great message will prevail
From LA LA la la LA

Singing in nowhere words
with nowhere songs
why does it take so long
you sing like an untuned bird

OOH OOH ooh
OOH OOH ooh
you sound like a genius now
a musical masterpiece
just like Beethoven
he used OOHs all the time in symphonies.

Da Dooby Dooby doo
I really hate you
and your stupid Lyrics
you think are experimental
Speak with spirits
not so much Mental
OOH OOH Baby baby LA

Shawn Hastings

